

*The C- - - T CANDIDATE and the COBLER.**A True TALE.*

WHILE *Briber* every Art with *Jobson* us'd,
And the rough *Cobler* still the Gold refus'd,

He cry'd——' Not *Seven Guineas* for your Voice!

' Why these wou'd make you *sev'n long Tears* rejoice;

' That you refuse them pray the Reason tell?'

To whom the *Cobler* :——' If myself I sell,

' And for your Gold must send my Soul to H—l;

' I'll calculate my *Worth* to th' utmost Farthing,

' And therefore how much *you're* to get by th' Bargain:

' I'll set my Price, Sir, when that you'll be plain,

' And tell what *you're* to sell me for again.'

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